

LOCAL BREVITIES.

As a washing-day Monday was not a success.

Mr. Salabery won the mule case. Costs to date, about \$100. Mule worth \$75.

Yet another week of vacation, and then the boys will creep unwillingly to school.

During the past week trains have been regularly irregular. Collisions and smash-ups.

Our thanks are due and tendered to Dr. T. R. Goulding for that box of grapes he hasn't sent us.

Ironton now boasts a Herdic, and a mighty convenient thing it is, too. The time-card therefore is published in this paper.

The following was received from Tom Moore Tuesday: "We have an eight-pound girl, born yesterday. All doing well."

Physicians, surgeons, and accouchers, can now get blanks on which to make reports of deaths and births, by applying to the County Clerk.

Jas. H. Clark, Esq., who has been very sick from nervous prostration, caused by overwork, is now recovering, and will no doubt be able to get about in a few days.

The heaviest fog we ever saw in these parts enveloped everything in shadowy drapery last Monday night. Even fair Luna's beauties were veiled from human gaze.

Mrs. Kesling, wife of Mr. H. L. Kesling, is, we regret to learn, very sick. It is hoped, however, that in due time the doctor will have her on the way to convalescence.

The little darlings who were blown up with gunpowder last Saturday week are recovering. Even the little fellow whose eyes were thought to have been destroyed is getting better and will not lose his "peepers."

At last Ironton possesses a base ball club—what there is left of it since Saturday's play. Four broken fingers, a broken palm, and a damaged lip are to be deducted from the able-bodied nine that went gaily out Saturday afternoon.

The Southeast Missouri Teachers' Association will meet at Ironton next year, and hold its sessions in the Academy of Music, the main hall of that building having been donated to the use of the Association by the Board of Directors.

August Rieck has just finished and furnished his pool room, and he invites his friends to call and try his new table. He has everything comfortably arranged, and will take pains to make it pleasant for all who may come to see him.

The editor of this paper acknowledges with thanks the courtesy of a serenade to the Register office last Saturday by the Post-Office Brass Band. The music was well rendered, and good enough to be credited to any country organization, white or black. The "boys" have our best wishes for long continuance and prosperity.

One of Ironton's belles came near drowning while bathing in Langdon's pond last Saturday. A half-dozen bathing-suits had arrived that morning, and the folks at the farm and visitors concluded to try them. The young lady in question got into deep water, and but for the timely assistance of Mr. Bert Langdon, she would have passed the other shore. Be careful, hereafter, Miss Rosie, and remember you are not a diving-belle.

Benjamin Franklin Ramey and John Phoebe Smith Anthony were "pulled" by Marshal Patton last Monday for firing their revolvers on the public highway. The offense was committed on Saturday, and when the "boys" came before the Mayor Monday they pleaded guilty. They were assessed \$7.35 each, fine and costs. J. P. S. Anthony came down with the cash, but B. F. Ramey had to put in pawn his gold chronometer and his beloved "gun" to avoid going to the "jug."

Saturday was a gala day for the colored denizens of the Valley. The long-expected picnic was largely attended, the neighboring counties contributing many seekers after pleasure. Several lodges were here in force, and the parade was creditable in appearance and respectable in length. That the colored folks enjoyed themselves need not be attested to. They always do that on such occasions; and it is creditable to them that their proceedings were decorous and their conduct, in the main, excellent.

The Citizens wants the U. S. Land Office removed from Ironton to Poplar Bluff on the score of accessibility. Well, Poplar Bluff is very accessible to mosquitoes, chills and Arkansas swamps. The impudence of those bluffers is amusing; it pleases them and doesn't hurt anybody. But, boys, we'll tell you—straighten out your county rotten finances, and learn to govern yourselves properly before you seek outside official management and emolument. That will look more properly consecutive, as it were.

The Knights of Honor Entertainment this (Wednesday) evening promises to be quite a nice affair, the programme containing three parts. Part 1st, addresses, music, etc.; Part 2d, dancing; Part 3d, supper, etc. To Part 1st of the programme there will be no admission for charged, and persons not desiring to participate in the dance will be at liberty to retire. Everybody is cordially invited to attend Part I of the entertainment, but only those who have received invitations will be admitted to the dance. Entertainment begins at 8:30 sharp.

Arkansas is a great place for chills and fever, but with the help of Providence and Smith's Chill and Fever Tonic, that plague is disappearing. The Tonic is an absolute cure and costs but \$1. Sold at the Pilot Knob Drug Store.

CITY TAXES—Are due and must be paid. The undersigned holds himself in readiness to receive and receipt for them. Do not delay, but come and pay promptly. It will redound to the benefit of the City, and may save you further trouble and expense. PAUL PATTON, City Collector.

Novelties in fall goods for children's school dresses; also, a beautiful line of neckwear for ladies—at Lopez's.

AN INCIDENT BLAZE.—About one o'clock last Saturday morning, Mrs. Schultz, landlady of the American Hotel, was awakened by a curious crackling noise, seemingly in the hall of the hotel, into which a door opened from her bedroom. She got up and opened that door, when in rushed volumes of flame and smoke nearly stifling her. Her daughter, Miss Nettie, who was sleeping with her, hastily rose and gave the alarm of "fire," which was taken up by some person on the street. Fortunately a ball was in progress in the Academy of Music, two blocks distant, and in a few minutes all the male dancers were at the fire busily at work. The hallway was drenched with water, and in a short time the fire subsided. It was found that the fire originated in the closet under the stairway, but how is not certainly known. It is believed, however, that a match carelessly dropped by the porter who kept some of his effects there, had fallen in the rug used to clean the lamps, though he denies having entered the closet that night after the folks had retired.

There were some twenty people in the hotel that night, all lodged in the second story, and the fire being in the stairway, their egress in that direction was cut off. Many of them threw mattresses out the windows and jumped upon them, while others stepped upon the porches in front and rear and slid down the posts to the ground. No one was seriously hurt, although some scratches and bruises resulted from such unusual and hasty exits. Proper clothing was of no object for the time being. The staircase was ruined, and the walls on either side so greatly damaged that they will have to be replaced, while the ceilings were considerably scorched. The damage will amount to over a hundred dollars. Given the fire ten minutes longer before discovery, and the building must have gone—and with it probably that whole side of the street to the next block; for it is closely built all the way, if we except the saloon building north of the hotel. The calm night might have enabled the people to confine the fire to the hotel, but it is very doubtful. All-in-all, we think everybody in this end of town is to be congratulated upon a very lucky escape. And let us not forget that this escape is principally due to the presence of mind shown by Miss Nettie, who proved herself a brave little girl and worthy the best fortune that can befall her.

A terrible accident, causing three deaths and severe injuries to several others, occurred in a cut about a mile north of Cadet, on Wednesday of last week. An "extra" engine from DeSoto, and a heavy freight train collided, demolishing both engines and piling up the cars of the freight four deep. On the "extra" were only Brown Williams, engineer, and Eugene Pinston, fireman, but the freight engine had four men aboard. Pinston was instantly killed, and Williams died the same day. Henry Moore, one of the men on the freight engine died Sunday night from his injuries. The track was obstructed for several hours, No. 601, due here at 1 o'clock, not making Ironton until 5 o'clock. The mails, passengers and baggage had to be transferred, and the track was not cleared until next day. The wreck occurred about 9 o'clock A. M., and was caused by the stopping of Williams' watch, which led him into error as to his "time." He was, also, about "dead on his feet" from overwork, and therefore not in fit condition to "go out" on the order which, however, he dared not disobey.

FREE TRADE.—In DeLand's Soda should be advocated by every true American citizen, on the principle that that thing is desirable in a Republic that is the greatest good to the greatest number.

The Teachers at Washington.

Ed. Register.—Having just returned from the meeting of the "Southeast Missouri Teachers' Association," which held its last session at Washington, Missouri, I send you herewith a brief account of the same. This organization is for the accommodation and benefit of those teachers who labor in that part of the State known as Southeast Missouri. It holds an annual session of three days, sometime during the summer holidays, and to better accommodate the teachers, it circulates among the towns of the Southeast. I may say that it bears about the same relation to the teachers' work that editorial conventions or attorneys' conventions bear to the everyday work of the professions. Whereas the "Institute" is chiefly for a review of the branches, the "Association" deals more with matters of a professional nature.

The session held last year at DeSoto was attended by about one hundred and twenty-five teachers, and was perhaps the best session yet held. The meeting at Washington was not so largely attended, being so far from the center of the district, but was nevertheless quite as interesting as any of the previous sessions.

The good people of Washington gave the teachers a most entertaining and while they were on an excursion on the Great Missouri at the close. The teachers enjoyed the latter in particular. Dancing and music, principally by the young folks of Washington, enlivened the moonlight ride. Here let me say that the German girls of Washington excel in dancing.

Though we adore the ladies, we can't go so far as Capt. Zwart and Judge Emerson. They are not mistaken in their opinion that it is responsible for the statement that "all admirers of the ladies are good lawyers." We can't claim that all who admire the ladies are good lawyers, yet good teachers usually admire teachers.

Washington is a very substantial town of about 4,000 population, on the Pacific R. R., about fifty miles west of St. Louis. No town in the Southeast is built so entirely brick. The town maintains a few factories, one of which we saw in operation—a cob-pipe factory. The business gives employment to about thirty men, and is a curiosity indeed. The principal business is about seven-eighths German, all of whom present the appearance of industry, thrift and intelligence.

Well, to conclude, we had been authorized by the people of the Valley to invite the next session to meet at Ironton, which we did. We therefore announce that it is the desire and purpose of the Association to hold a session at the Academy of Music in Ironton, on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of next August. Very respectfully, F. C. MILLER.

Superior in Every Respect.

The celebrated German Pulmonic Elixir, commonly called German Elixir, but recently introduced on the American continent, has no equal in the world for the cure of all Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Consumption, Bleeding of the Lungs, etc., etc. It is rich in the medicinal properties of ten wild cherry, honey, horehound, etc. Go to Dr. G. W. Farrar, druggist, Pilot Knob, and get a bottle; he will present you with one dollar and sixty-five cents' worth of choice music, arranged for piano or cabinet organ. The medicine was first introduced on the Pacific Coast, and is now sold everywhere. Be sure you get only German Elixir, as many other medicines with the word German attached to them. The genuine bears the Prussian coat of arms and the signature of Dr. Channing White on the wrapper, the name blown in every bottle. Sample 25 cents each.

LAST WEEK —OF THE— BONANZA IN IRONTON.



We will open our LARGE STORE with A COMPLETE LINE OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, SILKS, SATINS and RIBBONS.

Cloaks in imported fabrics for children, misses and ladies. Ladies' and Gents' Hats and Caps, cheap. We will offer a very large line of LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S AND MEN'S AND BOYS' CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES; Warranted Solid Leather. We will not sell any SHODDY GOODS!

ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF Men's & Children's Fine Clothing,

Which we will guarantee to sell at from 25 to 50 per cent.

LESS THAN IT COST TO MANUFACTURE

WE WILL NOT ALLOW ANY MIS-REPRESENTATIONS IN OUR STORE.

We will keep offering novelties every day, as we have

TO CLOSE OUT

And We Are SUPPLIED WITH NEW, FRESH GOODS.

W. H. Byers, Ironton, Mo., Proprietor.
Also proprietor of Bonanza at Piedmont, Missouri.

En Route For Colorado.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 17th, 1883.

Ed. Register.—It is not often one gets what he does not ask for, yet this will reach you unsolicited on your part—he privilege unasked on mine.

I suppose heed ought to be had to the maxim that one should not speak unless one has something to say worthy of being heard. A decent observance of this rule would keep me silent now—and I would observe it but for the fact that I can say a well merited kind word of somebody. And surely it is a happiness to say kind words in this badly mixed up existence—in this good-bad world, where so few kind words are spoken.

I find myself seated in a Kansas Pacific car, ready to pull out in fifteen or twenty minutes toward the Rocky Mountains; out through the low and active cities, the fresh, broad stretching farms of wide-awake Kansas.

And as I must write, seal and throw this letter in a box before starting, you must not expect more than you will receive, either in quantity, matter or polish.

I was going to observe that it was a little singular how every Irontonian, when he leaves from home, carries with him a love and admiration to the home he left behind—the Arcadian shades and the sylvan dells, the emerald vales and the mountain slopes, which are the sweet surroundings of our Ozark Mountain Paradise.

But it is not singular—it's not a bit strange. Strange, indeed, would it be were it not so. It would indicate a want of taste, an absence of the love of the beautiful, which would be inadmissible in anyone long used to such surroundings.

I never leave my home on a journey, whichever it may be—however important the business, without a day or two of real sadness.

Oh, mystery of mysteries, the human heart! When shall we comprehend our psychological existence? Ever! In life! In death! In eternity?

Nay, but when we become gods! Before, never! Twelve minutes more to write, and here I have already run off into transcendental speculation! If I was not from the "Midwest" I would say I had no senses; but I dare not say that about any Irontonian. No, that would never do!

On my way to St. Louis I saw the worst railroad wreck that ever occurred on our road. Two freight trains, under full steam, came in collision on a curve in a deep cut. The locomotives were literally smashed into shapely fragments, and so were the entire train and cars. Our train carried the dead into Carondelet.

I had the pleasure of the company of Prof. Vandiver, of the Collegiate Institute, into the city.

At the ticket office in St. Louis I unexpectedly met a former old bachelor acquaintance, Capt. C. of Harrisburg, Pa., who had twenty-four hours before married a most charming little widow, and they were on their way to California by way of the Southern Pacific. But I persuaded him to go by Denver and over the narrow gauge railway through the mountains to Salt Lake City, and thence through the Sierra Mountains to San Francisco.

He concluded that he and his new wife would feel better to rest over, and they could have my company to Denver, as neither of them had ever traveled out of their own State before, tho' he was fifty years old and a very wealthy man. I got him a room conveniently, and returned down town to complete my own arrangements.

The next morning I found him in a state of consternation in the depot when I entered, having just released his pocket-book containing several hundred dollars in money. He had left his wife in their room to follow him in a few minutes while he got his baggage checked; but he could not get this done without tickets, and he could not get tickets without his money. The perspiration oozed out of every pore of his face.

"My God," said he, "Colonel, what shall I do? By the great Ebenezer, my mind and plans are eternally confounded. What shall I do?"

"That's nothing," I answered; "I'll buy

your tickets to Denver, you can telegraph from here to your bank and have them telegraph you funds to Denver, and you will have plenty by the time you get there."

"Dumme! If that isn't a whacking splendid idea," said he.

"But where did you lose your pocket-book?" I asked.

"Dumme; had it in my room."

"Well, you watch the baggage—plenty of time—I'll run over and find it most likely. But what room?"

"Room! Let me see. A baker's dozen, my wife said it was, for good luck—that would be thirteen," he answered.

Of I ran hurried up to the room; searched around the carpet; shook the bed clothes out; looked under the bed, in drawers; dodged my head in and out of the door at every step I heard in the hall, to see if I could get sight of a chambermaid to inquire after it; began to fear I might get arrested as a thief or burglar; was about giving it up, when I raised up the table cover, and there lay my friend's purse—just where he had put it for safety!

I rushed over to the depot with it and some other baggage which they had left in the room; and as he was explaining to his surprised wife, I handed him his Kansas. He stopped speaking to his wife, took off his hat, leaned over a little, took it very gingerly between thumb and finger, looked at it, turned it over quickly, and said:

"The inevitable pomposity of the everlasting dunders of the picturesque top-top Alapachian range, it's the same, dumme!"

I rushed off, got my trunk checked, and my breakfast, just in time to jump aboard as the train pulled out for Kansas City. I supposed my genial friend, Capt. C., and wife on board; but upon searching could not find them.

At the Pacific conductor handed me a telegram from him, saying: "We got on the wrong train. Won't be so much embarrassed after I'm married a hundred years. Next train."

So I have thus far lost the company of a very jolly companion.

Could not find a soul on the train I ever saw before; but had the misfortune to sit with a most unpalatable politician from Kansas City, and there were two Kansas politicians in the seat in front and facing us. One of the latter was a Republican anti-prohibitionist, the other a Democrat, who was in favor of "legislative prohibition," but was opposed to the present prohibition measure.

"Because," said he, "it's a damned Republican institution, and I shall calculate that everything they're St. John fellows do or to be opposed."

Such a fierce rhetorical clatter as those three men kept up nearly all day, is not to be described in words—certainly not within the four or five minutes left me. Indeed, I don't believe you will be able to read what I am now writing at this break-neck speed.

As my throat was sore from talking "mud" before I left home, and didn't know anything about "legislative prohibition," I was only a listener. But I soon tired, and in vain sought to separate the disputants. I tried to push the grasshopper question on the attention of my "legislative" friends. I said to them that I had scientifically studied the grasshopper problem, and had concluded that the cultivation of Kansas at all was a great mistake; that it would furnish too much food for the locusts; that by reason of this supply of food, some day they would come down from the Rocky Mountains, increase and multiply on the new food-supply of Kansas, and thus overrun the eastern country. It would be ultimately necessary to depopulate Kansas, and keep that whole belt to the mountains—too wide for the "hoppers" to pass over—a "desert," in order to save Missouri and Iowa, &c.

They stopped a moment, and one of the Kansas men answered: "Sir, you reckon? I tell you, sir, if the Government should send out an army of 100,000 men next week to burn out and clean off the State so that prairie dogs and turkey-buzzards couldn't live there, it wouldn't cause half as much of a rumper amongst politicians as one keg of old Bourbon whiskey."

And thereupon the trio would again

"bounce" the whiskey question. A dozen times I injected absurd propositions touching some real interests, but they would glide away from it in a minute or two and be as deeply as ever involved in the complications of prohibition.

You will remember that this Kansas City has two former citizens of Ironton, Mr. Monroe Gresson and Dr. B. H. Zwart.

When any of our young men stray off into new fields and enter the contest of life for themselves, unaided and alone, amongst strangers, I always follow them with great interest.

I had no time to see Mr. Gresson, or learn of his progress, but have no doubt he is succeeding well. But of Dr. Zwart I had no trouble to hear at once from most prominent men the pleasing information that the Doctor had already, though so young in years, achieved a high and solid reputation as a most honorable and skilful physician and surgeon, and what is still more to be prized, a moral, refined and high-minded gentleman.

Disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by G. W. Farrar, Jr., Pilot Knob.

Mrs. Lopez has just returned from St. Louis with a beautiful line of fall goods.

DIED.—On the 14th inst. at Bellevue, Mo., WILLIAM GLENN, only child of Millard F. and Ella Love, aged 2 years, 4 months and 2 days.

Farewell, farewell! dear little Glenn! To friends and kindred thou wert dear; But thou art gone to realms on high, With our blessed Lord and Savior ever to dwell.

While we are left to mourn here below, And in sweet remembrance ever hold thee dear, And often think of thee and shed the silent tear. NANNIE A. H.

"SPLENDID."

Marsh's Golden Balsam, the Famous Lung Medicine, is Valued Highly.

"I have used MARSH'S GOLDEN BALSAM FOR THE THROAT AND LUNGS and find it a splendid Cough remedy. It gives speedy relief."—D. H. Wilson, Creston, Iowa.

"I wish everybody to know that MARSH'S GOLDEN BALSAM is a true medicine. One bottle cured me of a hard, lingering cough. I value it highly."—[R. A. Jackson, Quincy, Ill.]

"I would be pleased to receive five dozen bottles of MARSH'S GOLDEN BALSAM at once. Everybody that uses it appears to be greatly relieved and well pleased with its effects."—[P. R. Crisp, druggist, Monroe City, Mo.]

MARSH'S GOLDEN BALSAM, the famous Throat and Lung medicine, and MARSH'S GOLDEN BLOOD & LIVER TONIC, the great Blood and Liver renovator, are for sale by P. R. Crisp, druggist, Ironton. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

One of the most complete lines of gentlemen's and ladies' and children's shoes ever in the Valley at Lopez's.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancer, Piles, Chills, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands, and all Skin Eruptions; guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Crisp's Drug Store, Ironton.

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